

The Honour of an Apprentice of LONDON.

Wherein is declared his matchless Manhood, and brave Adventures done by him in Turkey, and
by what means he married the Kings Daughter of that same Country.
The cune is, All you that are good Fellows,



Of a worthy London Apprentice
my purpose is to speak,
And tell his brave Adventures
done for his Countries sake,
Which all the world about
and you shall hardly find
A man in all our age to exceed
a Apprentice gallant mind.
He was born in Cheshire,
the chief of men was he,
From thence brought up to London
a Apprentice for to be,
A Merchant on the Water
did like his service do.
For three years his Father
would go.



In Armour still arrayed,
well mounted on a horse,
One score of knights most hardy
one day he made to lose,
And brought them all to ground,
the proudly did bring
Elizabeth to be the Pearl
of Princely Quality.
The King of that same Country
threat began to strike,
And told his Son there present
to pull this youngster down,
Who at his Fathers words
these boasting speeches said,
I know a Egyptian Boy
and half the Egyptian plaid,
I am no Boy nor Egyptian,
the speeches I make,
Which here will be venged
upon thee by and by:
A London Apprentice still
shall prove a good man,
As any of your Turkish knights,
no all the best persons.

The Honour of an Apprentice of L O N D O N.

Wherein is declared his matchless Manhood, and brave Adventures done by him in Turkey, and
by what means he married the Kings Daughter of that same Country.
The cune is, All you that are good Fellows,



Of a worthy London Apprentice
my purpose is to speak,
And tell his brave Adventures
done for his Countries sake,
Which all the world about
and you shall hardly find
A man in all our time to exceed
a Apprentice gallant mind.
He was born in Cheshire,
the chief of men was he,
From thence brought up to London
a Apprentice for to be,
A Merchant on the Water
did like his service do.
For three years his Father
would go.



In Armour still arrayed,
well mounted on a horse,
One score of knights most hardy
one day he made to bleed,
And brought them all to ground,
true proudly did serve
Elizabeth to be the Pearl
of Princely Majesty.
The King of that same Country
threat began to utter,
And told his Son there present
to pull this youngster down.
Who at his Fathers words
these boasting speeches said,
I know a Egyptian English Boy
and half the Egyptian plaid,
I am no Boy nor Egyptian,
thy speeches I despise,
Which here will be rebuffed
upon thy head by:
A London Apprentice still
shall prove a good man,
As any of your Turkish knights,
no all the best persons.

The Second Part, To the same Tune.

As there withal he gave him
 A box upon the ear,
 Which broke his neck asunder
 as plainly both appear.
 How know you Turk, quoth he,
 I am no English Boy,
 What can with one small box o' th' ear,
 the Prince of Turke destroy.
 When as the King perceived
 his Son so strangely slain,
 His soul was sore afflicted
 with more than mortal pain:
 And in revenge thereof
 he swore that he should see
 The cruel death that ever man
 beheld with mortal eye.
 Two Lions were prepared
 this Princes to devour.
 But famisht up with hunger
 ran oures within a tower.
 To make them far more fierce,
 and eager of their prey.
 To glaze themselves with humane gore,
 upon this princely day.
 The appointed time of torment,
 at length grew near at hand,
 Where all the Noble Ladies
 and Barons of the Land
 attended on the King
 to see this Princes slain,
 And layd in the hungry maws
 of these two Lions twain.
 Then in his shirt of Cambrich,
 with silk most richly wrought,
 This worthy London Princes
 was from the Prison brought,
 And to the Lions given,
 to stanch their hunger great,
 Which he did eat in ten days space,
 not one small bit of meat.
 But God that knows all secrets,
 the matter so contriv'd,
 That by this young mans Valour,
 they were of life reviv'd.
 For being famisht for food,
 they scarcely could withstand,
 The Noble Force and Fortitude,
 and Courage of his hand.

For when the hungry Lions
 had cast on him their eyes,
 The Elements did thunder
 with Echo of their cries,
 And rousing all again,
 his body to devour,
 Into their throats he thrust his arms
 with all his might and power.
 From thence by manly valour
 their hearts he tore in sunder,
 And at the King he threw them;
 to all the peoples wonder.
 This I have done, quoth he,
 for lovely English-like.
 And for my Country Paphian Queen
 much more will undertake.
 For when the King perceived
 his worthy Lions hearts,
 Afflicted with great terror,
 his Rigor soon reverts,
 And turned all his hate
 into remorse and love,
 And said it was some Angel
 sent down from Heaven above.
 So he I am no Angel,
 the courteous young man said,
 But born in famous England,
 where Gods Will is obey'd,
 Assisted by the Heavens
 which do me thus befriend,
 O! let thy hand most cruelly
 brought here my life to end.
 The King in heart amazed,
 lift up his hand to Heaven,
 And for his foul offences
 did crave to be forgiven:
 Desiring that no Land
 like England might be seen;
 So people better governed,
 by virtue of a Queen.
 So taking up this young man,
 he pardoned him his life,
 Forgave his Daughter to him
 to be his wedded wife,
 Where then they did remain,
 and live in quiet peace,
 In spending with their happy days
 in joy and labours increase.

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